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By  
Mary Yale Shapleigh

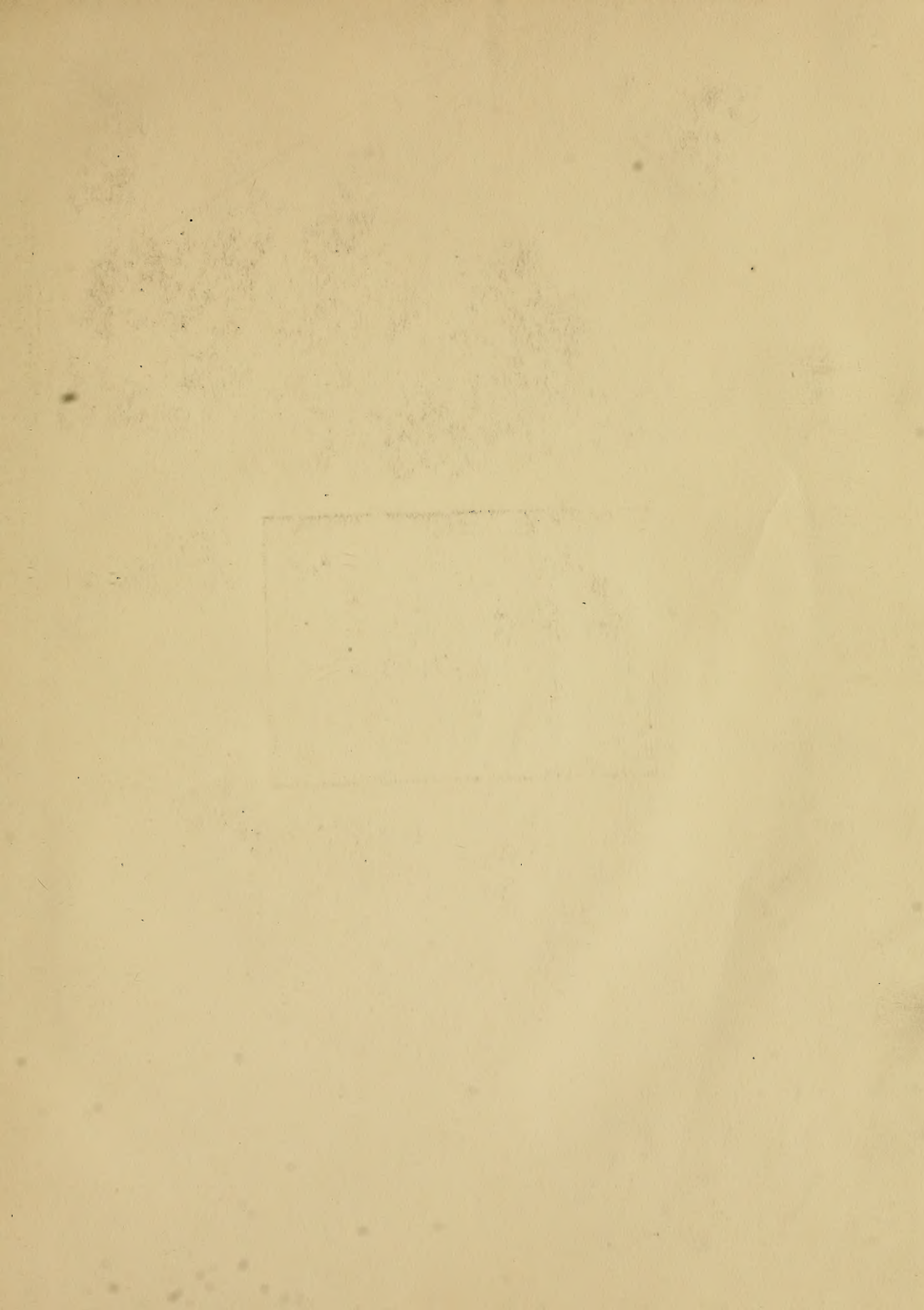


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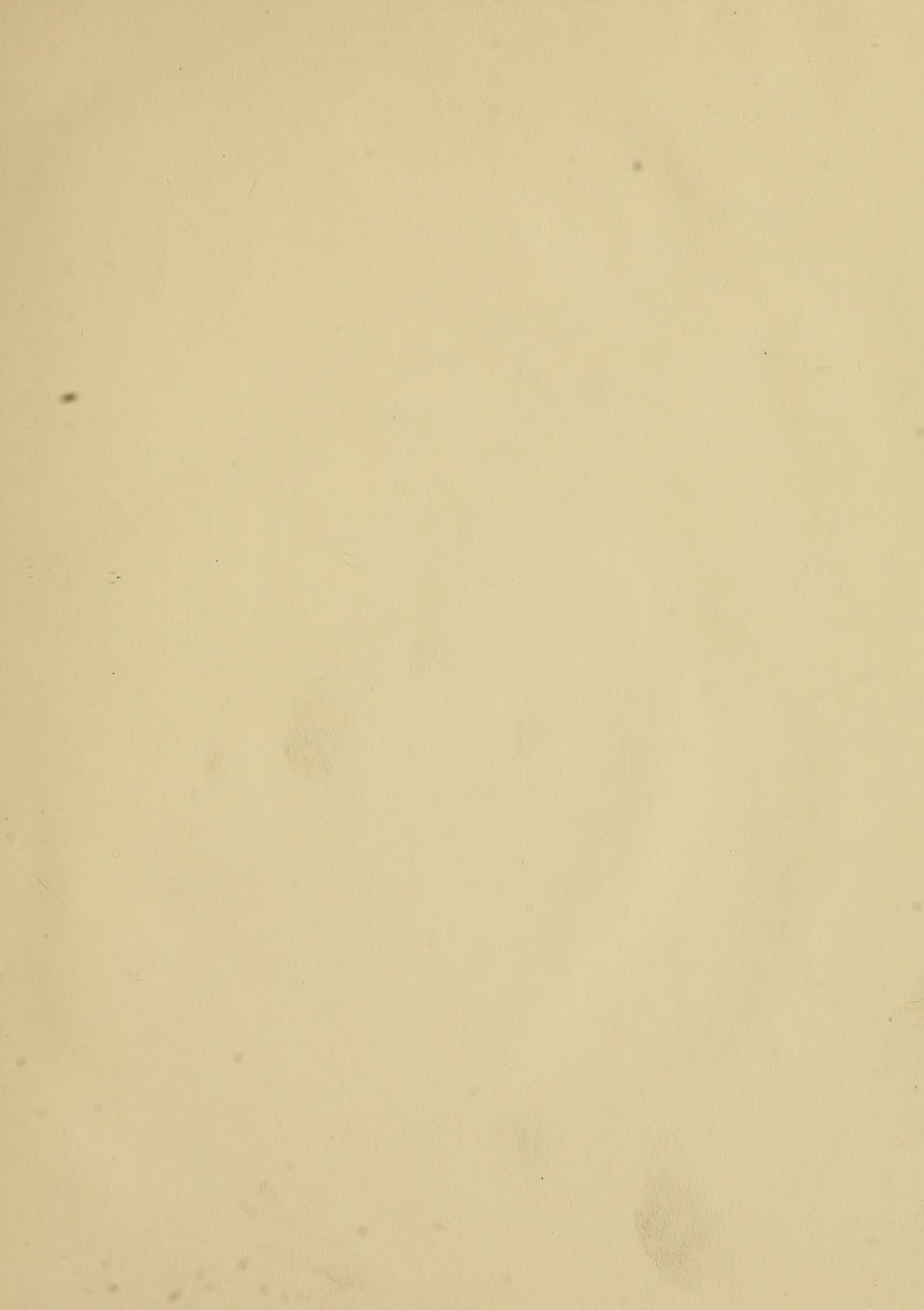
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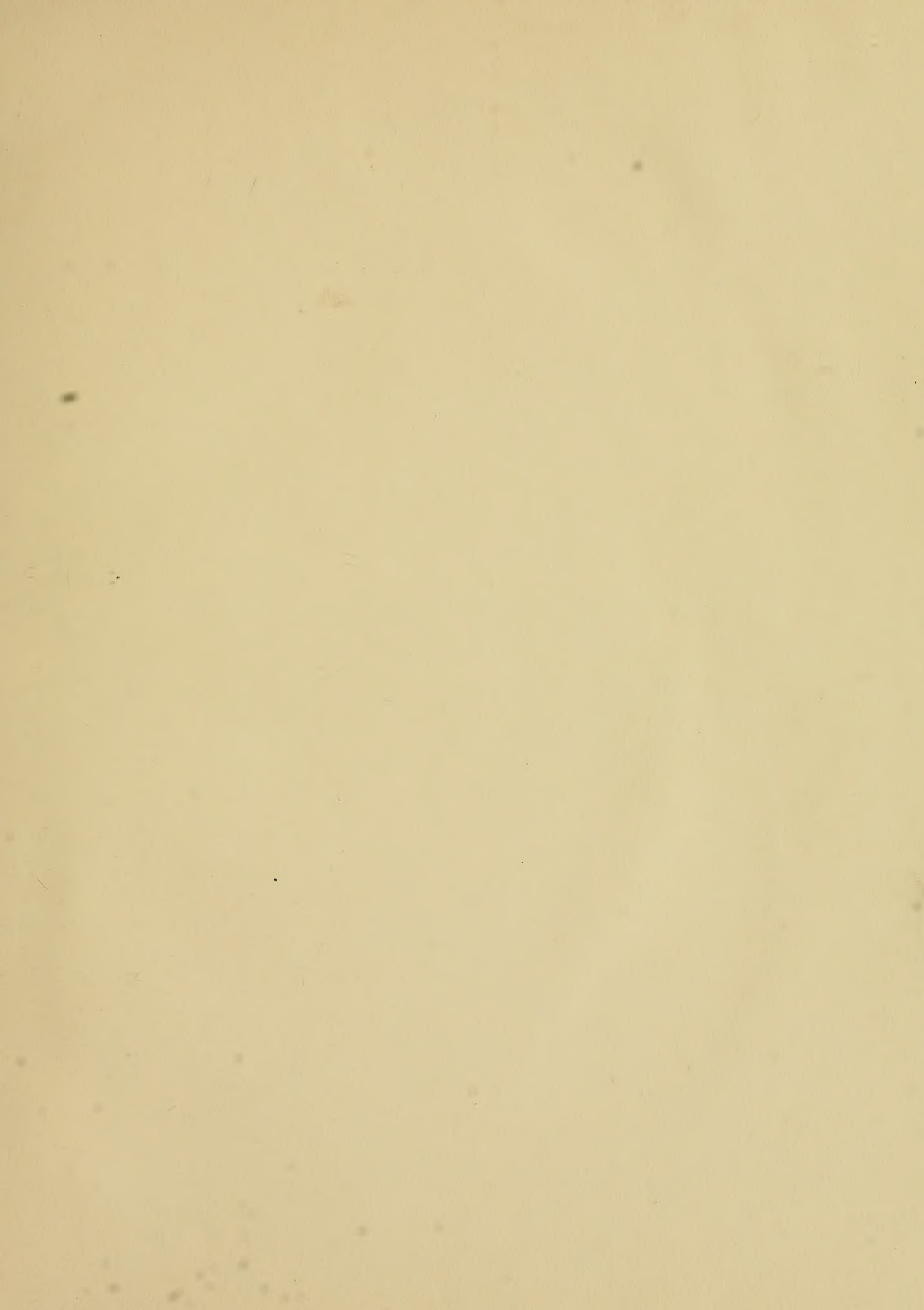
















ON WINDS OF FANCY BLOWN



On Winds  
of  
Fancy

Blown

By

Mary Yale Shapleigh

"All winds that roam the twilight came  
In whispers of the beautiful world"

"And all the breeze of Fancy blows  
And every thought breaks out a rose"





# ON WINDS OF FANCY BLOWN

*ORIGINAL VERSE AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY  
✓  
MARY YALE SHAPLEIGH  
“

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ON WINDS OF FANCY BLOWN





To My  
Precious Mother  
and  
Those I Love Best

Pansies are of thought the token,  
I have gladly plucked a few,  
Messengers of love unbroken,

Happy tender thoughts of you.

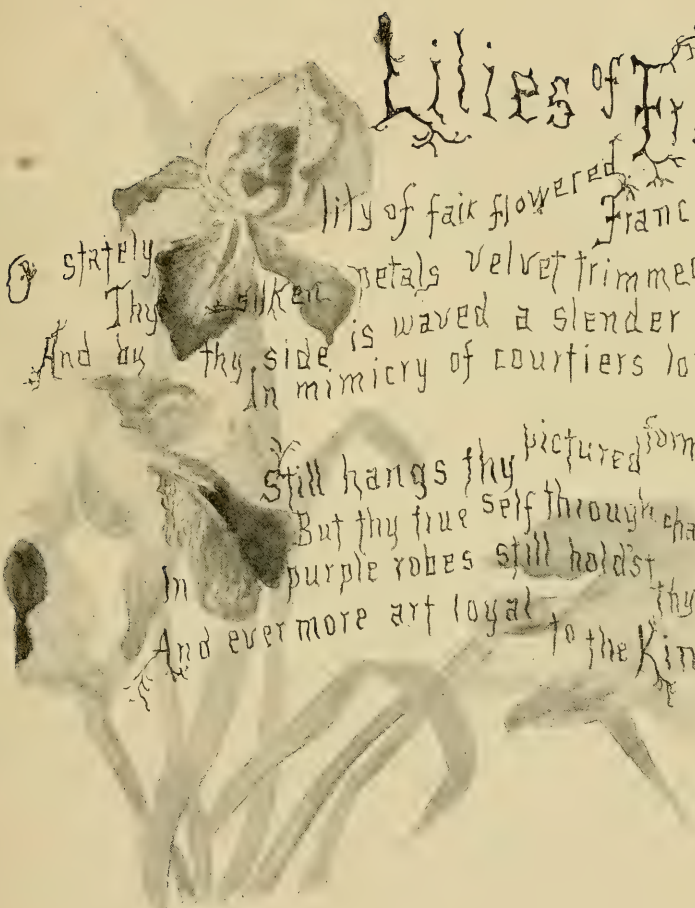
Simple rhymes of meagre measure

Take them humble though they be

If they give one moments pleasure

Heart's-ease will remain with me.





# Lilies of France.

lily of fair flowered France,  
O stately  
Thy silken petals velvet trimmed bow low,  
And by thy side is waved a slender lance  
In mimicry of courtiers long ago.

Still hangs thy pictured form on banners wrought  
But thy true self through changes time may bring,  
In purple robes still holdst thy royal court  
And ever more art loyal to the King.







## Wooden Shoes. A Reel.

Worn and dusty little shoe,  
Do you hold a picture too,  
Quaint and wise,  
Of a funny little maid  
Rosy lipped with flaxen braid,  
Blue her eyes?

So demure she seems to stand  
With her knitting in her hand.  
But beware!  
There is fun and mischief too  
Hidden in a maiden's shoe  
Everywhere.









# Menton

A humble village climbing up the hill,  
Its slated roofs by wayward breezes swept.  
A little town as tranquil, quaint, and still  
As if reassured by southern seas,  
It slept.

Sometimes, without fire walls, a white winged fleet  
Dips softly on the margin of the blue,  
And wooing waves fall at the fair shore's feet,  
Departing only to return anew.

Strong sun-crusted fishers drag with ready hand  
Their burdened nets that strain with welcome load,  
While wide eyed children loiter on the sand  
And women chatter gaily by the road.

The whispering olive trees tell tales of love  
As tenderly the sun's warm kisses cease;  
The soft sky blushes rosy red above  
And night overshadows us with wings  
of peace.



# CIRUS

Magical cloud  
In the blue sky,  
What is your freight  
As you sail by?

Is your beauty but spun of such airy things  
As a burden of wandering cherubs wings  
Or the jubilant notes that the song bird <sup>sings</sup>  
Soaring on high?



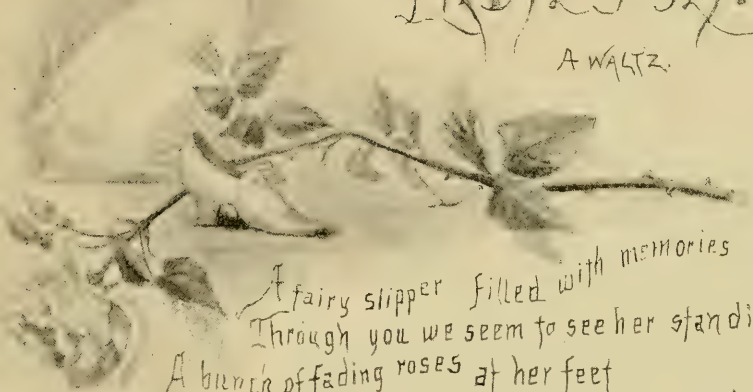
Silvery cloud  
Turning to gray.  
From the sharp wind  
Speeding away.  
Will you show us the gleam of a rainbow soon  
That was caught from a ray of the sun at noon?  
Or perchance you go seeking the pale new moon.  
Little cloud say?





# LADIES' SLIPPERS.

A WALTZ.



A fairy slipper filled with memories sweet  
Through you we seem to see her standing there  
A bunch of fading roses at her feet  
Her tired drooping eyes and sunny hair.

How happily the hours of girlhood flew  
Till Cinderella like, the lights burned low;  
She found the merry dancing days were through  
And learned a woman's life of weal and woe.

How much these wee shoes held we cannot guess  
Of fleeting girlish fancies, hopes and fears;  
Go put them back with but one swift caress  
To bridge across the speeding lapse of years.





# A SUMMER IDYL



Tender grasses bow are bending,  
Drowsy bees their vespers drone,  
And the shadows gray descending  
Fold the earth in monotone.  
Weary winds that sigh of sorrow  
Blend their voices with the stream  
Daisies longing for the morrow  
Close their fringed eyes to dream.

Still nod on thou sleepy clover,  
Buttercup hang low thy head,  
For the fair sweet day is over,  
Starlit night is come instead.

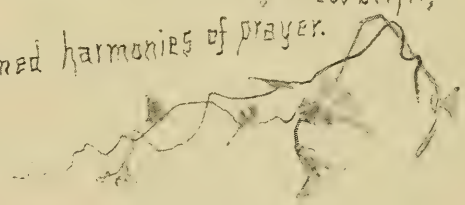




# THE AURORA

Guido Reni

O happy hours, light tripping in thy mirth,  
Bright painted vision of the morning air.  
Hast thou no dream of troubled ones on earth,  
To whom thy leaden length is sheathed in care?  
For even as fall the flowers at day's new birth,  
Rise their awakened harmonies of prayer.









# To a Sea Shell.

Fair storyteller of the restless sea  
In pink tipped splendor  
Breathing thy sweetly murmured  
With cadence tender, chant to me

Dost thou  
do penance to the mighty deep  
With thy low moaning,  
That thou canst never pause  
In thine atoning? or sleep  
Hark, from within thy slender rosy throat  
Deep sobs are swelling;  
Guard then thy secret  
Too sad the telling, with its pensive note






# The Hepatica

Thou little hooded hermit  
Wee monk in robes of gray,  
What sermon dost thou preach us  
On this bleak sunless day?

Bare branches overhang thee  
And dark thy cloistered place,  
Yet boundless hope and courage  
Shine in thine upturned face.



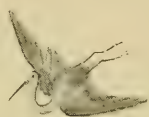
Though kind the earth's embraces  
And warm thy sheltered bed,  
Thou leavest them to conquer  
The gray sky overhead.

Straight to its height thou lookest  
Out of thine eye of blue,  
Until its spreading vastness  
Hath mirrored back thy hue.



# Lufschlösser.

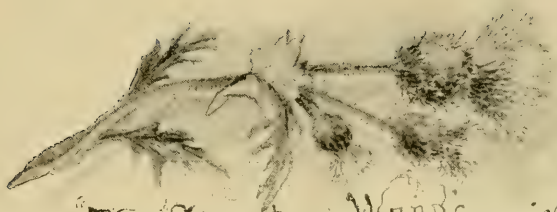
Far across the summer ocean  
I once found a happy pair,  
Who above earth's fierce commotion  
Built their castle in the air,  
And I watched with strange emotion  
The delight I could not share;



For I thought with tearful lashes  
Of the castles I had made,  
Of their splendor sunk to ashes,  
Yet my heart was not afraid;  
Where God's sky with sunshine flashes  
Live the dreams that never fade.







## The Secret of a Weed's Plain Heart.

Out in the pasture a mendicant lingers  
Old are her garments, and tattered and torn.  
Upward she reaches with small open fingers  
And by her side she is shielding a thorn.

White grows the head that the summer despises.  
Tremulous breezes are bringing release,  
Lightly on airiest pinions she rises  
Like the worn soul gaining Heaven and peace.









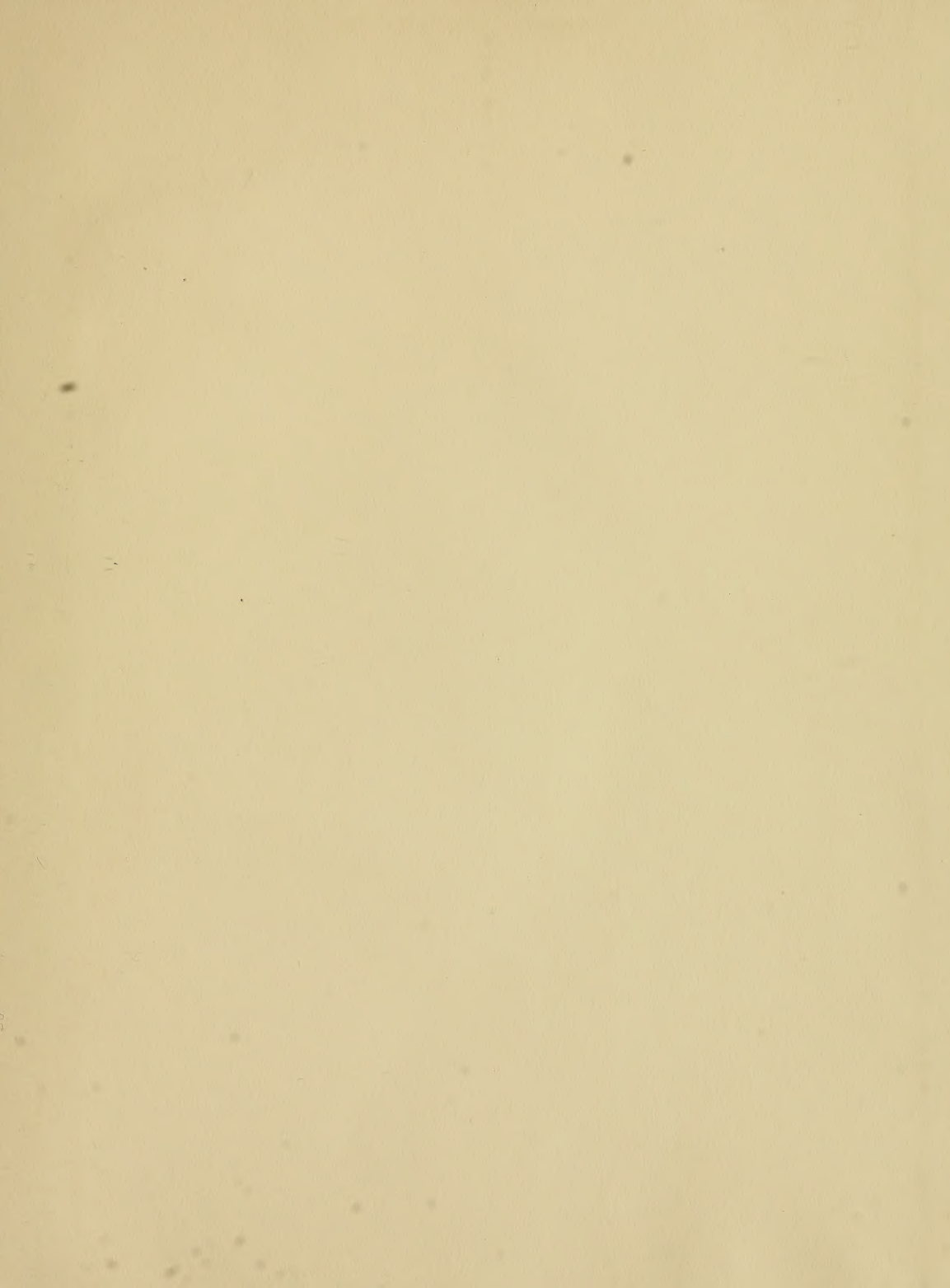




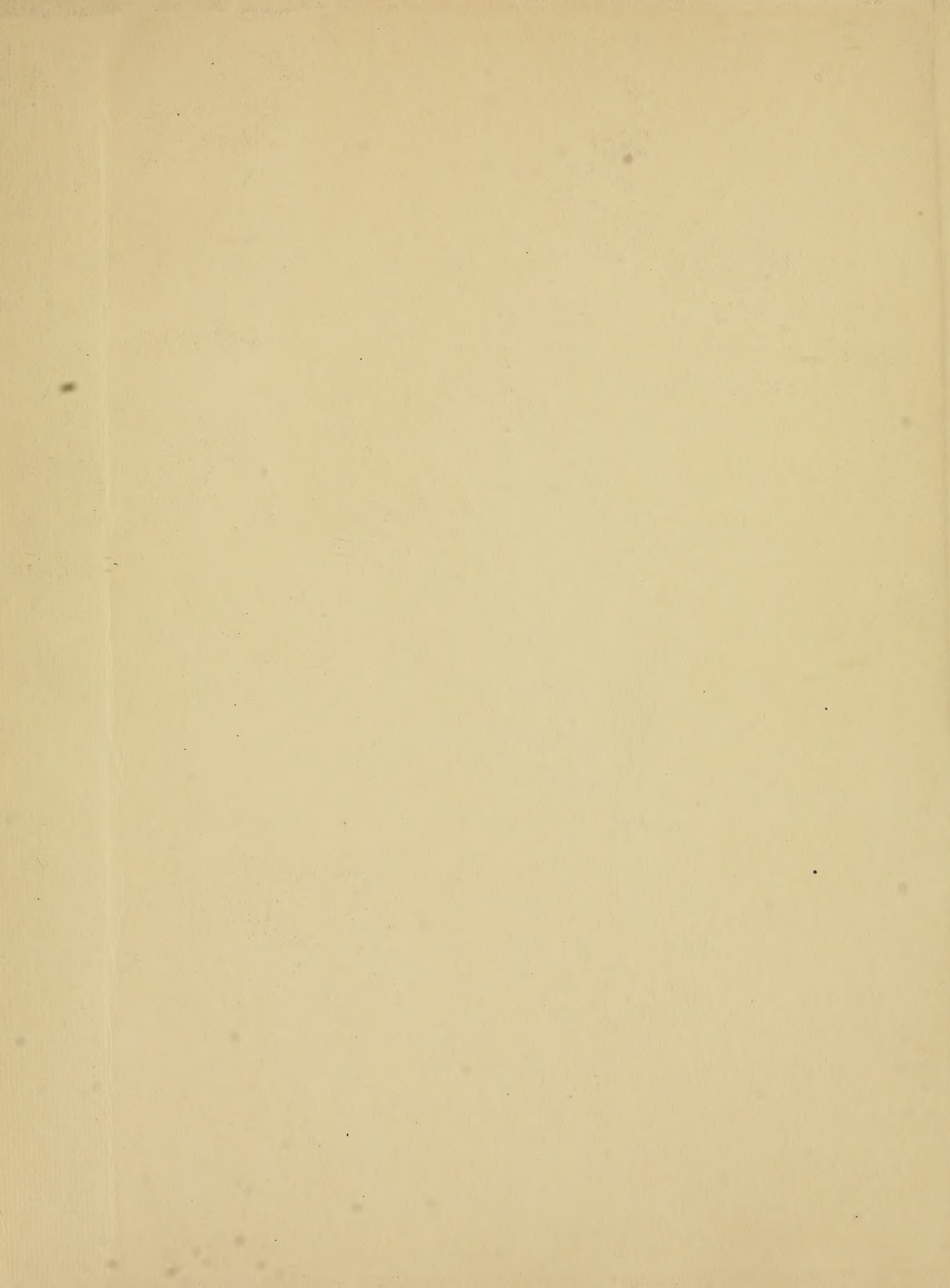














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